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# Olive Trees



WHAT  
DO THESE TWO  
OLIVE TREES ETC.  
REPRESENT

I WILL  
GIVE POWER UNTO MY  
TWO WITNESSES --  
THESE ARE THE TWO  
OLIVE TREES ETC  
REV. 11:3-4

R.M. SOMMERVILLE  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR  
NEW YORK

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No. June, 1902. 6.

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# OLIVE TREES

A Monthly Journal devoted to Missionary Work in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

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No.

JUNE, 1902.

5.

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## QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

### CHRIST THE DESIRE OF THE NATIONS.

*Robert E. Speer, Esq., Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.*

We live in an incomplete world, a world of longings and desires, amid men whose wealth consists of their needs and their discontents.

There is another view of our world from this. There are those who weigh lightly the woes of their fellow-men; who have never heard the still, sad music of humanity; who think it of slight account that other men should suffer, provided only their own lives are restful and at ease. I suppose there are some who take this irresponsible view of the world because they honestly believe that the world is fairly content. They look out over its teeming peoples, and see them superficially satisfied or at least resigned. There is something in the human race beside the dog. Even in hopelessness men resolve that they will live game and see it through. They find out after a while that the burdens must be borne, and they bend their backs to bear them, and smile beneath the bending. The world is, on the surface of it, a measurably contented world. I suppose some take this view because they have no deep needs themselves. Their own life is meat and drink. Things make it up, and not spirit; and, looking

out over a world of men possessing things, they think the world is well enough off, with its things. And others we have met who view the world in this way, because they have the spirit that Jesus pilloried once for all as the spirit that He most abhorred, in the parable of the Good Samaritan, when He spoke of the Priest and the Levite who looked upon the man in his sufferings, gathered up their skirts with a feeling of irritation, and passed by on the other side.

Men may take this view of the world, if they wish. It was not the view of Jesus Christ. He looked down upon a world that He realized was an incomplete world, a world with an unsatisfied desire—made up of men and women who were lost; and He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

This world to which He came is a world with a desire. It is a world full of the common desires of life. Underneath all the superficial crust of its contents, this is a world of suffering wrought by poverty and riches and sin. I heard, years ago, a man who had spent almost all his life in India, and who had traveled over almost every country in Asia—a man whom I never knew to be guilty of an exaggeration—say, “One-half the population of this world never knows what it is to have enough to eat. Every evening sun sets upon seven hundred millions of hungry men and women and little chil-

dren." I read, just the other day, a letter from a friend of mine who had been traveling through the mountains of Kurdistan, and he said in substance, "I can sum the whole picture up in just these words: I have scarcely been able to buy a chicken in the villages through which I have passed. It has been almost impossible to buy even an egg. The common food of the people in these villages has been a meal made out of one part of bran and five parts ground cobs of the corn. I have passed by many a house through whose doors the women do not dare to venture, because they have not rags enough to hide their nakedness; though I have lived here for years, I have never seen before such misery as among these mountain Nestorians." There are more prosperous lands. China, for example. But even in the land southwest of China—a land blessed by better government than any other Asiatic land, a land lying in warm climates, where presumably life might be easier and its burdens less heavy to bear—only three years ago all the rest of mankind looked aghast upon people swept away by the score and the hundred and the thousand, for the want of the mere necessities of daily life. We live in a world of bitter desire for the mere necessary things of human living. We live in a world of great physical need.

We live in a world of social desire. I should be willing to cast out of the account at once everything but the place of woman in non-Christian lands. I should be willing to rest the judgment on Christianity's claims, upon the work that it has done in behalf of woman, and the place that it has given to woman, as over against the place that has been given to her and the sufferings that have been laid upon her by every other religion, except the Jewish religion. Man everywhere is the master of his own sufferings. I can

understand how a man can be a heathen. But no woman is the mistress of her own sufferings. Man is the master of his, and of hers also; and the sorrows of her life, and its anguish and its pains, are the gifts of man. There is not one religion, save Judaism and Christianity, that does not sanction polygamy. There is not one that does not fling a half of the human race beyond the pale of God's destiny for it, except the Jewish faith and the faith that was brought to men by Mary's Son. We live in a world of great social desires.

We live in a world of great moral need. I do not know better how to bring this out than by an illustration. I was passing through the Northwest Province of India just a little over a year ago. There was a gathering of students in the city of Allahabad—young men brought from the different universities and colleges of the Northwest Province, about a hundred of them in all. On the Sabbath afternoon, it seemed to a little group of us from America and Great Britain, who had known one another before and who had met there, that it would be a good thing to gather all the students we could get of that university city in the largest hall available, and have a personal purity meeting. We sent a committee to wait on the head of the university, to ask him if he would allow us to use the large hall of the university building that afternoon. He said, "Not for a Christian meeting. The policy of the Government, of course, is neutrality in the matter of religion, and we cannot let you have it if you are going to preach Christianity there." We told him we were not going to preach any more Christianity than we felt he would not object to himself if he should be there. We wanted to bring before the students of that city (he knew as much as any man how much it was needed) the claims of the pure life. He said if that was all we could have it.



A large number of young men of various religions and sects came into the hall from the schools and universities of the city. They sat down under the busts of their great men and the pictures of their great heroes painted upon the walls, Moslems and Hindoos, and several of us spoke upon the claims of the pure life. At the end of the meeting a man from America, who was leading it, said: "Gentlemen, I think you have now got our idea—that this is the kind of life that men were made to live. We believe there is a God on high, Who loves the unspotted life and who is ready to give every man power to lead a life without a stain. If there is any man here this afternoon who would like to have the living God give him power to lead a stainless life, will he stand up and say so?" And at once a student from the front seat cried out with a loud voice, "No, no." He did not want the power to lead a stainless life. He preferred the kind of a life that his religion sanctioned and allowed, and in some regards even enjoined. And the meeting broke up after that, each man going to his own place. We live in the midst of a world seamed and stained and darkened with sin, from the east to the west, and from the north to the south of it, a world with an intense moral need, a desire so great that God Himself saw there was no other way to meet it than by the sacrifice of His own Son, Whose blood cleanseth us from all sin, a desire in which the absence of wish enlarges the awfulness of want.

We live in a world of great religious desire and need. The most enlightened man of the most wonderful country in Asia, only a few years ago, when he was the Viceroy of the Province of Chi Li, and the Yellow River overflowed its banks, went with all of his retinue to kneel down in one of the large temples of the city, before a live snake, to entreat that the floods

that had spread out over all their country might subside. That was Li Hung Chang. Intelligent man as he was, he was willing still, in obedience to what he believed were the popular claims of his religion, to bow down reverently before a snake as a god, to entreat the subsidence of the overflowing waters of the river. If the most intelligent—albeit I fear also the most hypocritical and corrupt—man of the most intelligent race in Asia can thus prostitute himself in the name of his religion, how much of life and food can there be in his faith for the real spiritual wants and longings of men? I think the last thing that any Christian man wants to do is to judge uncharitably the non-Christian faiths. If there be one thing he wants to believe in more than anything else, it is that the God Who has not left Himself without a witness in any nation under the sun should have largely revealed Himself to the souls of His children in these non-Christian lands. I do not believe that any man, however strong these desires may be in his heart, can see the non-Christian faiths, where they most perfectly express themselves, without coming back with all hope abandoned that in them or through them any way can be opened unto the Father of the spirits of men.

And these needs of the world cannot be met by the political institutions of the East. The most remarkable of them all are writing their doom before our eyes, even in these days, in China. There is not one of them that is not worse now than it was a generation ago, or ten generations ago, save as the influence of the West has come upon it and touched it. And they grow worse and worse. There is no hope for these peoples in the political institutions of the East.

The man must have a peculiar vision who sees any hope for them in the

political institutions of the West. Mr. Julian Hawthorne wrote back from India to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, in his articles upon the famine conditions, that the white invasion had done India harm, so far as it had been colorless or merely political. It had done good only to the extent that it had been religious. And that was written of the most unselfish and helpful and Christian political institutions that have ever been transferred to Asia from the West. And when one turns from Great Britain's influence, and listens to the voice of Prince Henry, as he shook his mailed fist in the face of all creation, and preaching the gospel of the consecrated person of the stage Emperor of Germany in China, one comes to feel more and more that there can be but little hope for these Eastern peoples in these political institutions of our Western lands. I ask what is good in our political institutions save what flows from the outstretched hands upon the Cross; save what comes from His influence, Who even now is gathering to Himself the ages past and yet to be? All that is wholesome and helpful and healthful in our political life here, all that keeps the nations of the West and will keep them if they are to be kept and saved in coming years, is the influence of the Man of Galilee. Everything in them apart from that would be but as the ashen apples of Lake Asphaltes, in the hands of the man who grasped them, thinking their form hid true substance. There is no hope for these Eastern nations in the political institutions of the West. They are not their desire.

Nor is there any hope for them in their own religious faiths. Consider the conditions in China—men not knowing God, men living under a faith, if it can be called a faith, that proclaims God not to be knowable. We know not our present life and this little world. How can we know

of the unseen life and the unseen world? If in China, with all its mighty influences of sanity and sound judgment, working through these past years (and they have been grievously underestimated), men are still in ignorance of God, and hating the message of God when it comes, what can we expect of other lands? Wherever Mohammedanism has gone, it has either found a desert or made one. It has spread its sterile influence over all life, chilling and deadening it and killing it, as the sterile ice lies over all the polar world.

There are three elements in religion. There is the element of dependence, and there is the element of fellowship, and there is the element of progress. It must be confessed that almost every non-Christian religion supplies the element of dependence. Men are dreadfully afraid. All life is lived under the shadow of an unseen fear. But there is no religion in this world that supplies either the element of fellowship or the element of progress save the religion of Him Who came to teach men that they were the Father's children, and to kindle in their hearts the flames of the Divine fire that is to burn brighter and brighter until the fullness of the perfect day.

The only hope that these Eastern peoples have, the only answer to their desire, is to be found in Him Who is "The Desire of all Nations." He came precisely to meet these wants and needs of men. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," He said. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost." "I am come not to condemn, but to save the world." "Other sheep I have which are not of this (Jewish) fold. Them also I must bring, that there may be one flock and one Shepherd."

To meet the wants of men God gave His only Son. And this work of meeting the

desires of the nations Jesus Christ at once began. That was the fault that men found with Him. That was the ground of Celsus's complaint: "Let us hear," he said, "what kind of person these Christians invite. Every one, they say, who is a sinner, who is devoid of understanding, who is a child, him will the Kingdom of God receive. They assert that God will receive the sinner." And often has this complaint been made against Christianity, that it was doing exactly what "The Desire of all Nations" came to do—to lift the burdens off the shoulders of the overborne, to open the eyes of the blind that they might see, to unstop the ears of the deaf that they might hear, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of prisons to them that are bound.

And this same work of satisfying the desire of the nations, He Who is the nations' Desire is doing now in our own time. He is doing it on the broadest possible scale. By the influences of His gospel He is doing it in the renovation of national character. Underneath all the superficial influence of Great Britain's political institutions in India, He is building, and building, and building—changing more hostility into love for our institutions than is subsidized by the gift of Government appointment, or awed by the intimidation of standing armies. As to national character, "The Desire of all Nations" is converting the East. And in community after community He is lifting life up out of its old poverty and wickedness and want. Mohammedans must admit, as one of them said not long ago, in substance, in one of the villages of Eastern Persia, "I can always tell a Christian village from a Mohammedan village by the air of thrift, by the better wages, by the larger crops, by the better built houses, by the larger and more comfortable supply of furnishings that they contain."

Wherever Christ's Gospel goes in this world, it takes away physical want and need. He Who promised that His blessing would be on His people does not hesitate to let that blessing fall upon them in the ways that can be most visible to their eyes and most tangible in their life.

He is remodeling and refashioning the religious life and the moral character of men. I went, five years ago, to a Chinese temple in the city of Pyeng-Yang, in Northern Korea. The grass had grown up between all the stones, heavy bolts were thrust through all the locks of the doors, and we pounded in vain for a quarter of an hour or so before we aroused the sleeping keeper. We asked him what the closed doors of the temple meant. "Well," he said, "I can tell you, although I really don't have control of this place. I am just living here because this is a cheap place to lodge. The regular keepers are all gone. Nobody comes here any more." We asked him why. He said: "This Christianity has come up here in Northern Korea. Everybody is mad after it, and nobody comes to this temple to worship any more." Wherever Christ in this world, as the Nations' Desire, can have His way, His disciples working with Him and not frustrating His will by their disbelief or their negligence, or their cold-heartedness, or their lack of faith, He is meeting the wants of the people's hearts.

I lay these two sides of this theme before you. The world, with its desires, on one side; the Christ, with His supplies, on the other. Between them we, the sons of His Church, must stand. To bring these two together is a duty that we owe to our own personal Christian life. The missionary enterprise would be necessary, if on no other account, simply as the vindication of our home Christianity. If my Christ is not so big that He can save the whole world, He is not big enough to save



me. And if He is so big that He can save the whole world, and there be in my hand any power to help Him do it, I stultify my own faith, I deny my own discipleship, if I withhold from Him the co-operation that I can give.

We owe it to ourselves, as developing best what God intends for us in personal character. In 1823, in the city of Boston, there came into a little gathering of Baptist clergymen one evening a young man, unknown to the world, to preach a sermon that had been announced for that night, and that meeting. It was a stormy, rainy night, and as Wayland came in and took his place, he said, "I have thrown away my labor on this sermon." But as he rose, he put into his sermon all the power of his Christ-touched soul. This was his theme, "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise." Rowland Hill read that sermon and declared that the young man who preached it had in him the power to remake men. The trustees of Brown University read that sermon and they said, "That is the man we want in this place." And Wayland began his almost unsurpassed work in Brown University because he had in that meeting felt himself, and made the hearts of those who heard him and read his sermons, feel the moral dignity of the missionary enterprise.

I make no apology for missions. I would as soon think of apologizing for the Creed that declares belief in the forgiveness of sins—not of my sins only, but also of the sins of the whole world. I would as soon apologize for the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." I would as soon apologize for the great commission and the Gospels in which it is found—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I would as soon apologize for the wisdom of the Living God, Who was in the Son Whom He

sent into the world to reconcile it unto Himself.

We owe it to ourselves to identify our life anew with this enterprise, which seemed to the Son of God so morally worthy that He could think of nothing better to which to give His own priceless life. We owe it to the thousand million sinning and suffering men, each one of them a brother. We stand before them with the Bread of Life in our hands, and we eat our morsel alone, while we leave them to die their death of starvation and want. We stand before them with the message that God is love in our hearts, and we let it die upon our lips, while they go down in their darkness, stumbling blindfold around His great altar stairs. How dare we meet them in the day when every man shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, if we hold back from these our brethren the message of the love and the life and the blood of our Lord and theirs?

And we owe it to Him Who is the nations' Desire. I say it reverently, if we live in the midst of an incomplete world, we are the disciples of an incomplete Christ. As truly as Christ is "The Desire of all Nations," are all the nations the desire of Christ. As truly as on the one side they stand waiting for Him, so as truly on the other side He stands waiting for them. The Kingdom is waiting for its King, and the King is waiting for His Kingdom.

Some years ago Keshub Chunder Sen, the founder of the Progressive Somaj in India, who came close to the seamless robe of Jesus, but who touched only the hem of the Master's garment, said, "None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus is worthy to wear the diadem of India: and He shall have it." And if none but Jesus is worthy to wear the diadem of India,



who but Jesus is worthy to wear the diadem of China and of Japan and of Africa and of the islands of the sea? My friends, shall He have it? He waits still for His crown. Let us go out and get it for Him!

And when we have got it, let us lay it upon His brow—the brow of “The Desire of all Nations”—and let us cover with its glory forever the scars of His crown of thorns!

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The following letter from an African elder shows the power of the gospel in heathen lands:

Last October we had a Conference of Elders of the Native Church on the occasion of the Semi-Jubilee of the Blantyre Mission. We gathered to consider these things: What are the hindrances to the Christian life, and how can we overcome them? What should be the attitude of the Church towards (a) beer drinking; (b) Umyago dancing; and (c) the oracle? How shall we encourage reading of the Bible and other books? What is our duty as members of Christ's Church in giving our money towards preaching the gospel? What is the parent's duty towards educating his own children? What can the Native Church do for the education of children? The native elders themselves arranged that we must stop the beer drinkings and the Umyago dances, and *there are no such things in our country since we had the Conference*. Our old customs are stopping now. The Domasi elders have their own Mission Station on the island in Lake Shirwa. We are to have the station there—not the Europeans, but we the natives.

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“Do not let us forget,” says a well-known British officer in a recent letter to the *London Times*, “that the most important and the most far-reaching work in China is not done by our official representatives, nor by our enterprising merchants, but by that great body of Christian men—and women, too—who are giving their lives to impart to the Chinese the accumulated knowledge of the West, and, more important still, to infuse into them that new spiritual influence without which Western learning is of little avail. The missionary has received but lukewarm encouragement so far. Can we not, now, at any rate, when he is about to prove himself a success, give him that true warmth of sympathy and support which he sorely needs and richly deserves?”

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In 1830 one small rowboat could contain the entire Protestant community of the Turkish Empire, consisting of 5 persons; in 1900 it numbered 75,000, of whom 7,000 were in Beirut. Then for the Mohammedan to become a Christian involved the penalty of death; now the Protestant and other Christian sects, together with converts from Islam, are guaranteed freedom from persecution and the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges. Then there were no schools; now the whole number of children in Protestant schools in Syria and Palestine is 18,000, of whom one-half are girls. Then there were no Bibles; now 700,000 copies of the Scriptures have been issued from the press, each copy bearing the imperial seal of authorization; and there are now sixteen Arabic journals in Beirut alone.—*World-Wide Missions*.

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He who is rich for himself, laying up treasure for himself, is by so much robbing his real inward life, his life in and toward God, of its resources.—*Alford*.

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

### ABROAD.

SUADIA, SYRIA.—The following very interesting letter is from Miss Myrta May Dodds:

Last Sabbath (March 16) was another day of rejoicing in Suadia chapel. It was the occasion of the baptism of two more children. One was the little son of Bogus, "The Miller," of whose wonderful conversion many of you have heard. He and his bright-eyed wife stood with beaming faces as the pastor baptized little Sarkis, who is one of the prettiest children I have ever seen in this country. The other was the little daughter of Makiel, another miller. He and his wife were received into the church at our last communion. Little Nebbeeha was dressed in "swaddling clothes," as you see her in the picture with her father and mother.

It will be of interest to some to see how all the little babies here are wrapped in "swaddling clothes" until they are several months old. Your minds will at once revert to the angel's proclamation to the Oriental shepherds in the night—a Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born, and "ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." No doubt, for centuries this same custom has prevailed.

When I first saw these wee babies with their little arms securely tied inside and their little heads bobbing about, I thought it was positively cruel. Now, I know that it is a great protection to the helpless little things to be thus bound up, as they are often left to the care of an older sister, who is but a child herself, and who tosses the baby about in a way that is quite shocking to us.

Although the priest has repeatedly forbidden his people coming to the Protestant

services, last Sabbath we had more men than usual, and many women. Our audience consisted of Greeks, Armenians and Fellaheen. Mr. Dodds preached especially on baptism, and every one listened with intense interest. The Greeks and Armenians were much surprised with the simplicity of our baptismal service. Nor could it be otherwise to people accustomed to a ritual so elaborate, even in a rustic, rural district like Suadia.



The pastor explained the ordinance in plain language, so that the most indifferent listeners became interested hearers. In a clear manner it was shown that many teachings, current here in the East, about baptism, are not found in the Word of God, and hence, are not binding upon any one. Then a forcible presentation of leading truths concerning the ordinance as found clearly presented in the gospel—the substitution of Christ dying for men, faith taking hold of this redemption, re-

pentance and confession the occasion of receiving the ordinance, together with some things implied by the rite, were set before the people in simple language. Such instruction was new to these poor unfed souls.

Then, when the parents presented their children, the pastor stated the obligations in terms, simple and suited to the comprehension of all. A plain white bowl of pure water—the solemn, simple words as each child was baptized into Christ, with the accompanying prayer—all this strongly contrasting with the priests in their vestments, the burning of candles, clouds of incense rising from smoking censers, the long, unintelligible prayers and readings and singings, as the water is salted, oiled, crossed, devils exorcised—the coming of the god-parents who fall prostrate at the feet of the priest, the undressing of the child, the elaborate immersion ceremony; re-clothing of the child and numerous succeeding ceremonies, all calculated to mystify rather than edify the participants and confused congregation.

Last Sabbath the oldest and most respected priest in the Suadia valley again, in very strong terms, told his people that they must not come to any of the Protestant services—the day school, Sabbath school, preaching service, the women's meeting, or prayer meeting. He cannot hinder the missionaries holding interesting and helpful meetings in the homes of the Greeks who invite the pastor to come, and they gather in many friends and neighbors to see, and hear also. This willingness to hear and a seeking after the "Truth," as compared to their "Traditions," has encouraged and cheered us greatly.

Next week the annual meeting of the Commission and also the Syrian Mission meets in Latakia, so Mr. Dodds is on his

two days' ride over the mountains to Latakia. He is to sleep to-night in Kessab, and to-morrow he is to ride about forty miles on to Latakia. The rain is pouring down, and I think the mothers and wives at home will pardon the missionary's wife in that she is not able to rise above a feeling of loneliness in this far, far-off land of Islam.

We expect to have our spring communion as soon as Mr. Dodds returns. There are two dear sisters who are "haling between two opinions," whether to bravely come out and confess Christ and suffer the persecution of friends or to wait until a "more convenient (?) season." One is the oldest girl in the boarding school, who has been wanting to come for some time. Miss Cunningham has discouraged her, somewhat, just to test her sincerity. She shows many signs of conversion. She is a Fellaha, and her drunken father would, no doubt, beat her without mercy. The other is a wife and mother who has been attending the services for several years quite frequently. Of late, her face bespeaks untold joy and peace within. She fears her husband and their "landowners." When you are reading this, these two dear sisters will be tested and tried, and they need your most importunate prayers. God has given marked victories in our little band, gathered in from the world of threatening friends (?) and foes. None were allowed to suffer harm from those who said, "You are dead to us if you become a Protestant."

Yours, in happy anticipation of seeing more "sheaves" brought home.

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The following letter from Mrs. Dodds was written April 17:

Last Sabbath was another happy day for us in our little chapel. The seats were as closely arranged as possible, so as to accommodate as many as might come to



our communion services. In order to leave sufficient seats near the door for the strangers who would come, the boys were seated on the platform near the minister. The school girls and our own church members and their children occupied seats near the pulpit. The priests had been most imperative in forbidding their people to come to our chapel, and we were not sure of an audience from the "outsiders." Being seated on the front row with our three little boys, I was giving them an object lesson by not looking around at all. Hearing no commotion—it being so perfectly silent—I began to think that we had no one but our own little band of worshippers with us, and I felt depressed as Mr. Dodds proceeded with the service. But finally, when opportunity afforded me a backward glance, what was my joyous astonishment to see every available seat filled—the chapel was packed—not a vacant place, while on every face was the expression of rapt attention.

The people in this country are generally rather noisy at church, but never in our own enlightened Christian land did Mr. Dodds have a more attentive, quiet, respectful congregation. One who had never seen our simple baptismal and communion services said, "And this is the way that you commune? Oh, how different it is from our communion, where the people scramble and fight like dogs to get to the priest to get a portion of bread and wine from his hand, but undoubtedly this is the better way."

This man is the husband of the woman I told you about in my last letter. She wants to unite with our church, but he had always opposed her. He says that he will never oppose her again. May I ask you to continue in prayer for them both?

The largest girl in school, of whom I

told you before, came out and took her stand on the Lord's side. She was one of the three who were baptized. She looks so happy since her decision, although her people opposed her very bitterly. Her older brother came last Sabbath to see what she would do. After the services were over, when the audience was leaving the chapel, she rushed to her brother to kiss his hand, the ordinary way in which a girl salutes her older brothers as well as all members of the family. He drew back and was about to strike her down, but she escaped to the girls' school. This brother says that she must never come back to their village or she will be killed. She has been engaged, or rather I should say, sold to a young man. Her family has spent the money—"eaten it," as they say—and now they say that he will not have her, which means that they will have to pay back the price of her. They are in distress, feeling that they have been disgraced. But we think that it may be a fortunate thing for her if he will not have her, as he is a Pagan and she is now a Christian. Do you not think that she needs your earnest prayers?

I am sending a picture of the girls in the Latakia school this year. You will recognize Miss Wylie at the left window. The other ladies are the native teachers. The two little boys in the front are the sons of the Governor of Latakia, who, with their Moslem mother, happened to be there to see the little girl who is in the school. I am sorry that they both moved their heads, for they are really nice looking boys. Miss Wylie is very busy with her large family of sixty girls or more, who are under her special care.

The other picture is the neat little home of Miss Edgar. The friend of missions, Mr. A. Alexander, gave the money, so that the lady principal of the boys' school in Latakia might have a comfortable home.

Miss Edgar is standing in the door. I am sorry that Mr. Dodds did not succeed in getting the picture of Miss Edgar's numerous family of boys. This neat little house has a flat roof that is so common in Latakia. It faces to the east, and stands at the northwest corner of the boys' school building, whose shadow falls across the picture at the left hand. In the distance is the Mediterranean Sea, while at the left of the house the Latakia steam flour mill is seen near the sea. A street runs along on the north of the house, which is at the right of the picture. The street entrance is from this street, up the steps directly in front of Miss Edgar, as she stands in the door. The boys' school building is within about ten feet of the south end of this house. In front there is yard room enough for quite a lot of shrubbery and flowers.

Had I been able to have gone to Latakia at this time of the gathering of the



missionaries from the different fields, I would have tried to give you also an interior view or two of this house, which, from accounts, is very nicely arranged and neatly furnished on the inside. But Mr. Dodds did not understand this line of photography, and so you will have to wait until some future time for a peep into its cosy precincts.



I hope that this letter and these pictures will help you to perceive how busily the workers are engaged in the various lines of the work. These buildings of wood and stone are a necessary adjunct to the accomplishing of a greater work, the gathering of those living stones from which the Master Builder will construct the earthly temple, which temple we are if the Spirit of God dwell in us. We long to see many coming to the Light.

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Miss Cunningham also wrote on the same date as follows:

Last Sabbath, April 13, was our communion. We had a very large audience; much the largest that I have ever seen in Suadia. Many young men. I cannot recall a more devout and orderly meeting. The Spirit of God seemed to be present in power. Mr. Dodds was given much freedom and preached and dispensed the ordinances with power. Everyone was intensely interested, and I do hope impressed and edified. Thank God for such a time of refreshment. Three of the girls were admitted by baptism. Two from the Ansairia and one a child of the church. They have all been in the girls' school for several years. On Saturday I went to the homes of the girls' parents and invited them to be present. The girls had told their people some time before and they had made no objection, but since that they had had time to talk it over with their neighbors, and would have been better pleased if the girls had not been baptized. One woman said: "It is hopeless for my girl to live here and be a Christian. What is one among so many? Can one flower make a spring? Look at me; would I dare to refuse to work on Sabbath? The stick would soon compel me to. As for me, I will not ask her to go to holy places nor work on Sabbath, but will it be in my hands? No; she is

laying up great trouble and misery for herself by being a Christian, and I warn her." I replied: "But you will come tomorrow and bring your husband?" She said, "Yes, if he will let me I will." Then we went to the other house. The poor woman there said, "Oh, I am afraid. I would not dare to go. Her father will put all the blame on me, and you know what a madman he is. My bones have decayed from beating." Truly, he is a madman when drunk. On one occasion he set their house on fire, and they escaped only with their lives, all else being destroyed. I saw her once when he had torn her eyelid in two, all he could get hold of, as she escaped from his clutches. At present he is hiding in consequence of a robbery in which he had a hand, and this enforced absence is the only peace the poor woman has had for years. She is living with one of her sons. She has three at home and two married. I do not know how many the other wife has. The brother came to the service and he was very angry with his sister, and made a good many threats. They had engaged her to a man who had paid two hundred piasters on her, and they had eaten the money. He seemed to think that now she was a Christian the match would be broken off, and indeed I was delighted that he took that view of it. All his trouble seemed to be where they were to find the money that had been paid for her. He said: "No one will take her now, so she can be a daughter of charity after communion." I went to see a woman who was sick. She is "almost persuaded" and has been for quite a while. She told me all that kept her back was the fear of her husband, and he himself told me that he had a big notion to shoot her and flee the country. On Sabbath he went to both services; indeed he has been coming regularly since her illness, and he said to me on Sabbath, "I did not understand truly



it was the table of the Lord. I will not stand in my wife's way. What a contrast from the reverent way communion was conducted in your chapel and in the Greek church." All these things make us take courage.

A few weeks back I visited an old Sheikh who was dying from dropsy. He learned the plan of salvation and seemed to accept the gospel. Once I was reading to him from John's Gospel, and his wife made the remark, "Certainly we all love Jesus," and he said, "Hush! you don't know what you are talking about. We do not love Him, for if we did we would obey His word." He was very anxious that we should come and see his wife after his death. Poor fellow, he would look at me with earnest eyes and ask about the resurrection again and again, and always say, "Don't be long until you come again." We had a heavy rainstorm, so that I was not able to go and see him at the last, but I do think he was trusting in Jesus. He asked me to take his little girl into school, but the mother is not willing, at least for the present. We have good meetings all the time, although the silk season has commenced and people think of nothing but worms.

CHINA.—An official letter from Rev. A. I. Robb closes with a paragraph that we will not keep from our readers:

Last Sabbath, March 16, was in at least one respect the most notable one in Tak Hing. On that day we baptized our first convert and received her into the Church. The day was beautiful and the people who came were all orderly and attentive. I have never seen a more attentive audience during the ceremony itself. Everything was done decently and in order, and apparently was not without its impression on those who witnessed, nearly all for the first time. \* \* \* She is

seventy-five years of age, and her name is Yau Sing Hing. She is at present memorizing some of the Psalms in metre so that she can "praise God, when she worships him." She has the 23d and 8th and 19th. She is becoming blind with cataract, and we are glad to see her storing her memory at an age when most people are fast forgetting.

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This is the closing part of an April—4th letter from Dr. J. Maude George:

Mr. Nelson has just given us encouraging news from my Canton patient's family. The daughter who began to unbind her feet has since applied for admission to the Church, and is being instructed further before admission. Other women in the family are unbinding their feet. This young woman—who is a widow—has introduced Mrs. Nelson to her husband's mother, and in that way another home has been opened to the gospel. They are exceptionally well educated for Chinese women. (It is the exception for a Chinese woman to have any education.) The patient herself had an attack of cholera lately, but recovered. Her youngest son died of it.

We are very happy in looking forward to the coming of the new missionaries. There is so much to be done. The medical work is opening up rapidly. It is much more rapid than I am. If I just had the language I could be busy all the time. There seems no doubt that a hospital will have a very large patronage as soon as we can get ready for it. We try to limit patients to one day in the week. On that day Mr. Robb interprets for me, and we see patients and put up drugs all day, seeing from fifty to seventy patients. The Bible woman talks to the waiting crowd. These patients pay five cents (Mexican) each. It does not pay for the medicine, but the few who come every

week willing to pay a dollar to be seen on a non-dispensary day help in that, and we hope this department can be made entirely self-supporting after a while.

The attendance on Sabbaths is growing, and they give most excellent attention. Our great need now seems to be for native workers to carry on the street preaching and Bible selling. Good workers are hard to get. Will you ask the Church to pray for them? They have already offered to pay them, as you have written.

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*World-Wide Missions* for April contains a cheering item:

Our far-away Mission in West China, two thousand miles or more up the great Yang-tse-Kiang, is in the midst of a wonderful harvest. The Rev. Spencer Lewis, superintendent, writes that there has been a wonderful ingathering. In April last, at the annual meeting of the Mission, there were 372 members and probationers; at the end of the year there were 922, an increase of 550, or 250 per cent. There are, besides, over 2,000 inquirers.

God be praised for this splendid advance! Paul has planted and Apollos watered, and God has given the increase; may He be pleased to crown the labors of our faithful missionaries with further additions. Brother Lewis says those who have been received are "hand-picked"—that is, received only after careful examination. The people of Szechuen Province were never so friendly as they have been since the return of our missionaries after the Boxer movement. \* \* \*

The West China Mission was founded in 1881, so it has just reached its majority, so to speak. It has had a somewhat troubled history. Our missions were once burned and our missionaries driven out, and during the twenty-one years since it was established there has been much

persecution. The sowing was truly in tears; the harvest is with rejoicing.

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Mr. Deane—of the Church of Scotland—baptized 369 Chinese in 1901, thus nearly doubling the converts. Few of them were children; they were mostly men, brought out and instructed by our native evangelists, and admitted after examination. On the last Sabbath of the year 100 men were baptized at one service in the new church presented to the Mission by the Presbytery of Jedburgh. Reports from other missions give the impression that there is just now an open door for the gospel throughout China. The blood of Chinese and European martyrs has not been shed in vain. One hundred square miles around Ichang and our three out-stations are at present evangelized by our missionaries, and there are at least ten other towns and villages where there are Christians and inquirers, and where therefore work could be opened with probably immediate success.—*Life and Work*.

NEW HEBRIDES.—A letter from Dr. John G. Paton, written at Kew, Australia, March 28, 1902, reports that he and Mrs. Paton were to sail in four days for the islands, hoping, as he expresses it, "to have a happy time among our dear Ane-wan converts and at the Mission Synod. Dr. and Mrs. Crombie go down with us, now to be placed on the islands in the north of Malekula. They are very promising young people, an acquisition to our Mission. Dr. Campbell Nicholson, the other young man, engaged when I was at home, is expected out in eight or ten months."

The friends of Dr. Paton will be glad to hear that his health is much improved. His son, Rev. Frank H. L. Paton, however, has been forced by persistent attacks of island fever to give up his increasingly

successful work on West Tanna and return to Australia. The April number of *Quarterly Jottings* contains his last letter, dated Jan. 16, 1902, from which we take a paragraph or two. Speaking of the Christmas gathering, he says:

"The church was far too small to hold the people, so we met under the ample shade of a far-spreading banyan tree, at the foot of the hill. There men of different tribes and different languages, many of them enemies only a few years back, addressed each other as brothers in Christ. It only lacked the presence of Mr. Watt, who has given so long and heroic a life for Tanna, to make the gathering complete.

"On Christmas morning we had our usual meeting under the banyan tree, and then the heathen began to gather from all directions. First came the women, carrying the baskets which were to bear their share of the feast; and then came their lordly husbands, too dignified to carry anything but their loaded guns. There would have been many more, but the mutual distrust among the heathen kept many at home. There was a splendid spirit during the whole day, and our visitors won a good share of the prizes.

"On the Friday we had special preparatory services. And on the Saturday we had a very solemn baptismal service, when sixteen were baptized on profession of faith in Christ. The whole gathering culminated in a never-to-be-forgotten communion service on the Sabbath. Early in the morning the communicants gathered for prayer on the veranda, and it touched our hearts to hear these men pray, each in his own dialect. The very fact of such a gathering made us realize as never before the marvelous power of the gospel of Christ. After ten or eleven short, earnest prayers, we wended our way down the hill to the banyan tree, under

which the Lord's Table was spread. About 166 natives sat down with us to partake of the Holy Feast, and a great company of people reverently looked on. Never had such a large gathering taken place on Tanna to witness the great act of Christian worship. Truly, it was a day worth living for—perhaps the last such day that I shall see on Tanna. Mr. Macmillan dispensed the communion, and it was a holy time for us all.

"This glad day was brought to a close by an English service in the evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Worthington joined us, and Mr. Macmillan again preached to us.

"The next day, by sea and land, our guests began to leave for their distant homes. It was a gathering looked forward to with many prayers, and now it is looked back upon with many hopes. For we believe that our prayers will be answered, and that much good will result from this gathering of Tanna Christians.

"Among those baptized was an old man named Kahl. He was once a great heathen, but now he is an earnest follower of Jesus. A few days ago Lomai said to Kahl, 'What is in your heart—in these days, Kahl?' And the old man's face lit up as he said, 'Joy! My heart is full of joy, and my rest is good. Before, I was baptized by the devil to do his work, and I had no rest, and my sleep was bad. Now, I have been baptized by Jesus, to do His work, and my heart is full of joy, and my rest is good.'"

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The crisis of affairs in the New Hebrides is becoming more acute every month. At present a joint commission of two English and two French naval officers is entrusted with the administration of the islands, but the French are plainly aiming at annexation. They have been making great advances in the appropria-



tion of land by settlers. The chiefs generally desire annexation to England. Australia and New Zealand ardently support this, and are most hostile to a French occupation of such a central position. They are bringing strong influence to bear upon the home Government in this matter. These islands have been generally civilized under missionary influence, though a portion are still barbarous and heathen; but, as usual, the Propaganda does not try to reclaim the savages, but takes the advantage of Protestant civilization for its settlements and then seeks to undermine the Protestant work. It will be a great calamity if the islands are annexed by France. —*Mission World*.

INDIA.—“Sialkot City in the Panjab, which has a population of 35,000,” says *Life and Work* for April, anticipating items in the report to the General Assembly, “at present needs at least two teachers, one preacher for the open-air service in the ‘bazar,’ and one colporteur. Then in the district among the villages the need is even greater. There are nearly 2,500 Christians in forty villages to be shepherded, and over 70,000 heathen to be preached to, and only ten workers to overtake this great work. Formerly there were more than ten, but our funds have not allowed of our keeping them all, and our missionaries seeing the clamant need are anxious to reoccupy the vacant places, to save young converts from lapsing into heathen practices for want of instruction and exhortation, and also to bring Hindu and Mohammedan inquirers into the Kingdom of Christ.

“The Dooars Mission is the youngest branch of our Guild Mission, and its field is a great belt of tea-plantations at the foot of the Himalayas. Mr. Macmichael is a quiet though a strenuous worker, and it comes to us almost as a surprise that

he has had 119 baptisms during the year. He has nine catechists, one of whom will be ready for ordination this year. Two others are Mechis, who have gained many of their tribe. Mission friends of thirty years’ standing will remember our early work among the Mechis of the Terai by Mr. Conrad Bechtold, now a minister in America. After those days we lost touch with the Mechis; now we have again overtaken them on new ground. Mr. Macmichael has won the hearts of our own countrymen, the tea-planters. He holds Sabbath services in their scattered bungalows, in English, and even at a rare time in Gaelic; and there is scarcely a European throughout the territory whom he has not numbered in his congregations.”

#### AT HOME.

ALLEGHENY, PA.—The Board of Superintendents of the Theological Seminary met in Seminary Hall, Tuesday, April 29, 1902, at 9 A. M., and adjourned on Wednesday, April 30, at 6 P. M.

Members present or soon appeared, Messrs. McAllister, Miller, Steele, Sterritt, Stevenson and Sproull. Mr. Boyd sent a letter to the Board expressing his deep regret that he would not be able to be present at the meeting.

Oral examinations were had in Hermeneutics and Systematic Theology. The papers of written examinations were submitted to the Board for inspection.

Discourses were delivered in the Allegheny Church by Messrs. Elliott, Patterson, Steele and Yates, of the first year; by Messrs. Edgar, Elsey, Green, Kempf and Mathews of the second year, and by Messrs. McBurney, McCarroll, McKnight, McMillan and Robb, of the third year.

The examinations and discourses were heartily sustained.

Certificates to their respective Presby-

teries were given to the students of the second year, and diplomas to those of the third.

The attendance this year was good. In Professor Willson's department, "the total attendance was 81, an average of 5 11-14 each. Two students were present every day." In Professor George's department "one student was present at every recitation; one at every recitation during seven of the eight months, and six at every recitation during six of the eight months."

The Secretary was instructed to thank the "generous friends" referred to in the joint report as having "remembered the students and seminary with valuable gifts." "The valuable manuscript historical writings" donated by Mr. Tibby were placed in the hands of Synod's stated clerk for safekeeping.

Dr. Trumbull delivered the annual sermon before the Students' Missionary Society on Sabbath evening, April 27, in the Central Church.

J. W. SPOULL, *Sec.*

BLOOMINGTON, IND.—Miss Catherine J. Gamble peacefully fell asleep on the evening of April 3, 1902. She was only absent from church one Sabbath during her brief illness, previous to her death. She was 72 years of age, a life-long member of the Bloomington Reformed Presbyterian Church. She left with us an example of reverence and devotion for the house of God and His worship, worthy of our imitation. Like Mary of old, she loved to sit at the feet of Jesus, a humble learner. Though unassuming in her manner, she was ever faithful and conscientious in the performance of all her Christian duties. For many years, bereft of all her near kinsmen, she implicitly relied on the promises of God, bravely fought life's battles, and met death without fear. When asked if she desired anything, she would

reply, "My earthly wants are diminishing, my spiritual ones increasing." Though poor in this world's goods, she was rich toward God.

Miss Gamble was one of the charter members of the L. M. S., and was always ready and willing to help and encourage every good work.

MAMIE A. SMITH, *Sec.*

Resolutions of the L. M. Society:

Whereas, God in His Providence has again entered our circle and called from time to eternity Miss Catherine J. Gamble, a humble and sincere Christian, and a kind friend, therefore,

Resolved, 1st, That while we as a Society feel the loss of a much-loved sister, yet we sorrow not as those who have no hope, believing her to have attained the reward promised to those who overcome.

2d. That we hereby express our appreciation of her high Christian character and her conscientious performance of duty.

3d. That we feel admonished to greater diligence, and to be prepared for the coming of the Lord.

MRS. RACHEL RUSSELL,

MRS. HADDIE FARIS,

MRS. AGNES LATIMER.

HOPKINTON, IA.—The report of L. M. Society is as follows:

Another year has been numbered with the past, and we pause, ere we enter the work of a new year, to take a hasty survey of the year's work.

Our meetings have been held regularly every month, with an average attendance of nine. There were two all-day meetings. There are thirty-three members enrolled, with twelve honorary members. Three names were added during the year.

Our literary programmes have been interesting, and we trust profitable to all who attended the meetings.

A box of goods was sent to the Southern Mission before the holidays. Our contributions to mission work may seem to have fallen short, but our energies and means have been expended in home work, assisting in congregational work—that of building and furnishing our church home.

It was our privilege during the summer to have with us over Sabbath Rev. and Mrs. A. I. Robb, missionaries to China. Rev. J. G. Reed also visited us and presented the needs of the Southern Mission.

The Treasurer gives the following report:

Receipts:

Dues from members.....	\$32.67
Donations .....	1.50
For sewing .....	1.00
For Missionary Review.....	2.50
Box to Southern Mission.....	12.82
Penny collection .....	1.42
Thank offering to Iowa Presbyterian Society .....	7.50
Collection at annual meeting....	18.78
	<u>\$78.19</u>

Disbursements:

Foreign Mission .....	4.50
Table linen (communion tables) .	10.00
Freight on box to Southern Mission .....	3.40
Secretary and Treasurer's books..	1.00
Missionary Review .....	2.50
Box to Southern Mission.....	12.82
Postage .....	1.47
Thank offering to Iowa Presbyterian Society .....	7.50

Foreign Mission .....	35.00
	<u>\$78.19</u>

MRS. LOUIS MEYER, *Pres.*

MRS. ANNA DONAHUE, *Sec.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Annual report of the Ladies' Missionary Society of the R. P. Congregation of Kansas City, Mo.:

Our Society held during the year nine regular meetings, and one special business meeting. Although we have been few in number, we have the assurance that the little we have done, if done in His name, will be blessed. During the past year a box of clothing was finished for the Latakia Mission, and one was sent to the Mission at Selma, Ala. Two quilts have been made, one of which was given to the Old Ladies' Home of our city. Through the efforts of the L. M. S., we have succeeded in obtaining a set of dishes to be used for our church gatherings, etc.

MRS. W. J. ADAMS, *Sec.*

Treasurer's Report.

Balance from last year....	\$1.77
Receipts from April 1, 1901,	
to April 1, 1902.....	54.05
	<u>\$55.82</u>

Expenditures.

Pastor's salary.....	40.00
Freight and contents of	
boxes to various mission	
fields .....	9.16
L. M. S. of Youngstown..	1.00
Spent for dishes.....	4.68
	<u>54.84</u>
Balance on hand.....	\$ .98

MRS. A. J. MCFARLAND, *Treas.*

In matters which reach into eternity *now* is always the nick of time; one man now is worth a hundred and fifty, years hence. One dollar now is worth a thousand then. Let us be up and doing before it is too late.—*Lyman Beecher.*

In God's measurement of men, great souls are often found in obscure places, while pigmies pose on pedestals which stand in conspicuous places.

The talents, ours to-day, may be demanded by the Owner to-morrow. . . . Fidelity, not success, regulates the final reward.—*Macduff.*



## MONOGRAPHS.

### THE TAKING OF DEGREES IN THE SCHOOL OF THE MASTER.

The Christian religion offers the greatest incentive to truly ambitious hearts, those that seek full growth of character for the glory of their Maker and the good of mankind. An ambitionless Christian is a misnomer. A follower of Jesus Christ is a disciple, a disciple is a student, a student is one that is making constant progress in studies, and marking the progress by the "degrees" taken. Such phrases as "Taught of the Father," "Ye have not so learned Christ," "Come unto Me and learn," "He will teach you all things," show the schooldays of a believer.

Every true university confers degrees on its students; the greater the university the more careful is this giving of degrees, and the more highly prized by those attaining them.

Degrees of inferior institutions carry no weight, and degrees purchased are a moral disgrace to all parties. When a degree speaks of the real education of the mind they are honorable and worthy. A true student never works for a degree, he works for the mental training, and he never flaunts his degree before the world.

Now in the school of Jesus Christ no true disciple works for the degrees given by that school; he works from the love of study and service, but the degrees come to him in due course.

Our Lord speaks of three grades: "Great in the Kingdom of Heaven," "Least in the Kingdom of Heaven," "In no case enter into the Kingdom"—of very high grade, of very poor grade, and of no grade at all.

What are the possible degrees before a student of Jesus Christ? First of all, the

B. A. degree—he must be born from above. This is primary, not possible to omit it in any case. "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom."

The opening sentence of McNeil's famous brochure, "The Spirit-filled Life," is this: "Reader, are you a B. A.? This little book is only for those who possess that degree from the King's College. If you are not born again, please put it one side."

How thrilling those last words, "If you are not born again, please put it one side." How many things in one's life have to be put aside when the B. A. degree is not reached? He who has not taken it stands only on the threshold of life—he has not entered in.

To be "born from above" seems a most natural thing to those that have crossed the threshold of life's realm, it is simply claiming by a vigorous faith our heavenly nativity and experiencing within the inner man the creating power of the Heavenly Father.

How is this degree gotten? A willingness to become a pupil of Jesus Christ gives the degree. This is something more than signing the card of an evangelist and joining the church—it is the sincere receiving of Jesus Christ in the heart. "As many as received Him, to them gave He the right to become," John 1:12-13. Peter speaks of it as coming from the incorruptible seed of the living word dropping in the soul, 1 Peter 1:23. What are the evidences of taking this degree? The First Letter of John abounds in proofs. One great proof is that we see and hear heavenly things—the mind of such a scholar enters into a new realm of thought. "Blessed are your eyes for they see, and your ears for they hear," is spoken to all who are B. A.

Who are the candidates for the degree? Only those who have taken the B. A. "After that ye believed ye were sealed with the promised Holy Spirit." A little or much time may intervene between the taking of the two degrees; this depends on the candidate. In the case of the apostles it was three and a half years, but in the case of Paul it was three days. How is the degree taken? Taken by faith and obedience to the truth. "He that believeth on Me as the Scripture has said," John 7:37. "The Holy Spirit whom God hath given to them that obey Him," Acts 5:32. As faith in Jesus Christ gives us the new birth, so a growing faith that shows itself in practical loving obedience gives us the baptism of the Spirit.

What are the results of taking the degree? More spiritual insight, more enjoyment of the true liberty of life, more peace and satisfaction in service, more fellowship with God and the saints, more love for the heathen world—for publicans and sinners.

One of the sure marks of those taking this degree is this: They are found walking daily in the Spirit. Dr. Hodge well said: "The Holy Spirit hates to be talked about." A great deal of sham talk these days of being filled with the Spirit, baptized with the Spirit, etc. Let us remember that the Holy Spirit hates to be talked about in this loose way, but He always loves to be walked with and in, and the B. S. student is not so much a talker as a walker.

A third degree in the school of Jesus Christ is the two A.—"A. A."

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord," 1 Cor. 15:58.

Such students have the Spirit indwelling in them and outflowing from them at all times—they never grow tired in doing well. The Master of the school displayed this in His earthly mission. He never grew

tired and discouraged, always hopeful, always active—and at last He set His face like a flint to go to Jerusalem for these great sufferings. Paul took this degree; he was instant in season and out of season. Read the Second Corinthians and see what his constant ministry was.

Dr. Cuyler wrote once of a Lake Monhonk spring thus: "Yesterday I saw a cool, sparkling spring at Guyot's Hill, from which fifty beautiful Alderney cows drink on every hot day, morning and evening. It is always brimming full, and no wintry frosts lock up its perennial flow." Are you such a spring in the service of Jesus Christ?

How many in Church life are like the Galatians—"Ye did run well for a time"! The always-abounding students are good the whole year round. What is the secret of the two A.? The "always abiding" of John 15. He who understands the "always abiding" must possess it. "I know how to abound," cried Paul, and take these readings from his pen: 2 Cor. 9:8, Phil. 1:9, Col. 2:7.

And a fourth degree is the three A.—"To present you holy and without blemish and unreprouvable before Him," Col. 1:22.

"That ye may be blameless and harmless children of God without blemish," Phil. 2:15. I call it the A. A. A. (three A.) degree. Why? If you are a Greek student, you know that in each of these cases the Greek word begins with the letter "A." For example, take Colossians, the words are "Agiōi, Amōmoi, Aneg klatoi" (holy, free from blemish, unreprouvable). The same is true of the passage in the Philippians. The Greek student will find many of these in Paul's writings.

It is a very high degree—one who reaches it has attained nearly the goal of our present age—life. But it is attainable, He gives us the right to become this, and as Beecher used to say, "Every man

has a right to become all that it is possible to become."

No one can take this degree who is not a B. S. and an A. A., and, as I have said, the B. A. is the foundation of them all.

Is there not something in the discipleship that calls for the fullest ambition that any man possesses? And are we striving to attain it and be considered worthy to reach that age which will abound with life and love for study and service?

J. W. F. CARLISLE.

*Newburgh, N. Y.*

### OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

Perhaps, ere this, the clerk of the Syrian Commission will have given you a report of the annual meeting held in Latakia the last of March.

I want you all to see the members of the Commission. Mr. Dodds took a number of negatives when he was in Latakia, and now it is a pleasure to me to let you see some of the photos. Some one may say, "How did he take his own picture?" He arranged the camera and then took his place in the group, while another person "pressed the bulb," and the work was done. He brought the undeveloped plates two days over the mountains to me, and I have made all possible haste to develop the "negative" side of these gentlemen, and at once proceeded to print the "positive" side, which is more satisfactory to the general public.

Seated in the upper row is Rev. R. J. Dodds, of Mersina, who was elected Moderator of the Commission this year. At his right sits Dr. W. M. Moore, of Cyprus, who is Clerk. In front of the Clerk sits Rev. C. A. Dodds, who is the junior missionary in Latakia. At his left is Rev. J. S. Stewart, of the same place. Dr. J. M. Balph, of the Latakia Hospital, is looking gravely over his spectacles, while at his side is seated Rev. J. Boggs Dodds, of



Suadia. From this group we all miss the genial face of the Rev. Henry Easson, of Cyprus. I understand that a suitable minute was incorporated in the records concerning his absence.

Mr. Dodds brings back to me a glowing account of the happy meeting of the twenty-two missionaries and children whom you see in picture No. 2. It was only the long two days' horseback ride over rough mountain paths, with three children, that kept me away from this "oasis" of social and spiritual pleasure that they all enjoyed. You will join with me in looking into their faces, and in imagination we can see them in their busy, congenial meetings. Nor is this group complete without those faithful ones who are now on their way home because of failure in health—Rev. and Mrs. H. Easson, who toiled so many years in Syria, and yet again in Cyprus.

You will recognize the six gentlemen already mentioned in the picture of the Commission, standing in the rear. Miss Willia Dodds, Matron of the Hospital, stands in this back row with her three reverend cousins. At the right of the picture is Mrs. C. A. Dodds and their baby, Mary Letitia. Next to her is Mrs.



Moore with their two little girls, Marie and Jessie, in front of her, and their only son, Merle, at her left. Mrs. Stewart, with Charles and Robert near her, is next. Then comes Miss Wylie and Mrs. Balph, with Davida Dodds, of Mersina, behind her and Davida's sister Lulu in front. Miss Edgar, with Elizabeth Stewart, in front of her, occupies the seat at the extreme left.

Their meeting will be a happy memory for many a month. Doubtless each visitor has returned to his field of labor to find work awaiting him, but we believe that each one will have a renewed impulse for a more determined, prayerful effort to fulfill the commission which, as your representative, has been undertaken in a foreign land.

Some of us here wish that we could share in the sweets of spiritual and social gatherings such as this meeting. Some of you long to be "in the battle line," but

you are not permitted. For all such it has been written, "She that tarried at home divided the spoil."

MYRTA MAY DODDS.

## HOW OUR CHRISTIANS DIED IN NORTH CHINA.

The stories of some of the martyrs are almost incredible were it not that we know they have been paralleled all down the ages, and that God is with His own. Our courier, a fine little man called Fan, who has carried our letters between Yen Shan, Ts'ang Chow, and Tientsin for a long time back, and who was the soul of thoroughness, loyalty and honesty, was one of the heroes. He was remarkable for his freedom from the national characteristic of money-loving, and has often refused extra pay and "tips" on the score that he had done nothing to deserve them, and did not need them—in his case a final refusal, and not merely politeness.



He was caught and placed in a deep hole, dug for the purpose, standing upright, but with his head below the level of the surrounding field. Earth was filled in up to his knees, and he was asked to recant, but refused; then to his hips, but he still refused; then to his chin, and a last offer made of life and liberty if he would deny his Master. The brave fellow again refused, and was thereupon buried alive.

Our old Yen Shan gatekeeper was another whose death-story has been ascertained. He was an ugly, strange-looking mortal, and one would not have expected him to show up as he did. The Boxers told him to sing, and let them hear his skill at it. There, with the Boxers, sword in hand, standing round, he started cheerily in his none too tuneful voice—though tuneful in Heaven's ear, then—to sing, "He leadeth me, He leadeth me." They applauded, and told him to go ahead again; so he sang, "Heaven is my Home," to the air of "Home, Sweet Home." Just think of the wonderful strangeness of it all, and the nearness at that moment, in this far-off Chinese town, of the sweetness of Heaven and the boundless darkness and cruelty of hell! He sang brightly to the end, and after a round of applause they did their worst; but it was a lamentable failure from their point of view if they had only understood, was not it? They simply sent him into the presence of his waiting Lord to receive the "Well done," that would glad his soul for ever.

A young and pretty school girl had a somewhat similar end. The Boxers in the district where she was living with her mother were massacring the Christians there, and amongst others seized her mother and herself. Whilst negotiations of some kind were going on for ransoming some of the family, the mother and daugh-

ter got away a little, but were soon noticed and pursued. The mother was speedily overtaken and killed, but the girl got on a bit further before she, too, was caught up. Facing her pursuers boldly she said: "You can kill me if you like, but first let me sing and pray." In this, for some strange reason, they humored her, and she sang a hymn, which is only recorded in heaven, and then knelt down to pray. Probably, while she was praying, they fell on her and killed her.

Our young Ts'ang Chow preacher was another victim. He was seized in a distant city by men who had heard he was a preacher of the gospel. This he did not attempt to deny, but stood boldly for his faith. They cut off his ear, and said mockingly: "Are you still a preacher now?" "Yes," he said, "I am. I'll preach to you if you'll listen." But they would not wait for more, and killed him on the spot.

Another man in Yen Shan, a colporteur, also preached boldly to the end, even to the very men who were slashing him with their swords. There are other cases just as splendid, but I have not got the details at hand, so cannot tell you about them. Some of the Bible women, especially, were very heroines.

But I think the case that appealed to me most was that of a bright-faced, pretty young woman, who had been married just before the troubles into a family which went over to the Boxers as a whole, and enthusiastically. She had been betrothed to this Boxer husband, as he afterwards became, ever since her infancy. We do not interfere in these national and family customs, even in cases like this; so, although she was one of the brightest and most hopeful school girls, she was married away into this heathen family. Her husband treated her vilely, threatening often to kill her. The whole family took a de-

light in persecuting her, and she was the only Christian in the village. They tried to take her books away, but she threatened suicide, and they had only too much cause to fear it was not idle talk. She kept her hymn book and Testament, therefore, and found much comfort therein. It made me wonder whether I valued mine enough and my liberty to read it when and how I liked. After the troubles were over she came to stay in Yen Shan with her mother for a while, but was very soon to return to her heathen home again. She was brave and bright about it, trusting in God to help her, but it made one's heart ache to look at her and to think of all she had before her, and she alone and unaided as far as fellow-Christians were concerned. Oh, the women of China! What need there is for the gospel here to raise their social status and their individual lives and homes! Pray for this young wife and her home, that God may bring the whole family to Himself as a result of her influence and example.—*Dr. A. D. Peill in London Chronicle.*

#### THE FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH.

Jesus Christ is the foundation of our faith and of everything else that is to abide. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." But our belief in Christ rests upon a belief that in the Scriptures we have a faithful presentation of who and what Christ is; and this belief rests upon a yet deeper foundation; a belief that the Scriptures are the word of the Absolutely Truthful One.

This lowest foundation the higher critics have tried to undermine, and in too many cases have succeeded. The attempt is a master stroke of the great adversary; for if this deepest foundation can be destroyed, then the credibility of the Scriptures, the Christ of the Scrip-

tures, and faith in that Christ all tumble in one common ruin. However, there are comforting evidences that the higher critics have had their day, the attack has about spent its force. For some years past they have done the talking; now, evangelical scholarship, aroused at last, and armed with the weapons of truth, descends into the arena, and the faces of the critics begin to gather paleness.

But mightier than any other weapon at the present time is the spade of the excavator. This is fast digging down the wall which the critics have reared between man and God, exposing their spurious theories and laying bare their refuges of lies. But the check has not come until much mischief has been done. Like the Pharisees of old, the critics outwardly appear beautiful, and, like them, have spread the contagion of their corrupting influence far and wide. Now we see the leaven working in the masses. In the churches there is an alarming tendency to doubt certain parts of the Word of God, arrogantly to judge as to what the Bible ought to teach and to discredit in general the trustworthiness of the Book. It is not strange, therefore, that there are no powerful revivals of religion. How can there be where such teachings have found acceptance? Discredit the Word of God, and the present state of the Church logically follows: spiritual stagnation, formalism, worldliness and godlessness. And yet the present state of the Church is not wholly a consequence of the higher criticism, but a cause as well, for only a back-slidden church would entertain such teachings.

The higher critics deserve no other name than destructive critics, for their whole work is pulling down. They build nothing to replace what they pull down. Some one has said they are like men in mid-ocean, standing on the only rock that



offers any safety, hewing off piece after piece and calling to one another in gleeful satisfaction at seeing the fragments disappear in the great deep; and all the while wholly oblivious of the fact that they are cutting away the only foundation on which their own feet can rest.

Many persons, who call themselves devout Christians and shudder at the sacrilege of the critics, are on the same platform with the critics without knowing it. The light and flippant way in which certain distasteful passages of the Word are set aside, smacks strongly of higher criticism. For example, such passages as those in which Paul speaks of women "keeping silence in the church," being "in subjection to their own husbands; if they would know anything let them ask their husbands at home," and some other passages of kindred import, are dismissed with a sneer or set down as merely the whims of a bachelor, who was incapable of a fair discussion of such themes. Some one has said that Paul would be satisfied with some women knowing very little, if all they were to be permitted to know had to be learned from their husbands. It would be quite as interesting to hear Paul discuss some modern theories as to hear modern theorists discuss Paul, and infinitely more instructive. Paul spoke from God, and while it is freely conceded that in his epistles are many things "hard to be understood," yet the way to deal with them is not to ignore them or contemptuously reject them. If the apostle Peter found some of Paul's writings difficult to explain, it ought not to be considered a humiliating concession for uninspired men and women to admit as much. But in Peter's day there were those who "wrested" those hard sayings of Paul "to their own destruction," so he says, and further he tells us that the wresting was by those who were "unlearned and un-

stable." Were he living now, he would probably say the same thing about those who still wrest the Scriptures in preference to sacrificing their opinion. "Unlearned and unstable"—to be accused of impiety is not half so disgraceful as to be charged with being unlearned in these days.

Peter tells us in his second epistle that "No prophecy of the Scriptures is of any private interpretation," that is, they were not the opinions of the men who wrote them. The writers doubtless believed what they wrote and understood it in part. But the Scriptures are not the opinions of men, however wise and good they may have been. The mind of God was back of the man working through and directing the human mind. "No prophecy ever came by the will of man, but men spake from God, being moved (borne along) by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. 1:21.) If they were borne along by the Holy Ghost, then they were guided and controlled, not only in what they thought, but also in what they said, and in the way they said it. Anything short of this fails of verbal inspiration, and to abandon verbal inspiration is to give up the inerrancy of the Bible. If the Holy Spirit indicted the thoughts, but left the men to express those thoughts as best they could, we may conclude that there are many mistakes in the original manuscripts. Misunderstandings daily occur because honest and intelligent men fail to clearly convey to others the thoughts that are in their own minds. In 1 Cor. 2:12-13 the apostle Paul declares for verbal inspiration "which things also we speak, not in words, which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing (margin combining) spiritual things with spiritual." The words as well as the thoughts were taught by the Holy Ghost.

Many things in the Bible that the critics think unbelievable are not so; for

the reason that Christ, the perfect man, believed them. If He did not believe them then we must attribute to Him an insincerity such as must destroy all confidence in Him. Ruskin says: "Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death." If Christ was the perfect man we believe Him to have been, then He did not trifle with these great matters. He did not speak of things as facts, which He knew to be myths. Men say they cannot believe the story of the flood; Christ believed it. They cannot believe the account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; Christ believed and spoke of it as a fact. They cannot believe about Jonah and the fish; Christ believed it and taught that it was figurative of Himself. They cannot believe that the merciful Father has in all His universe such a terrible place as hell; Christ believed it and they too will some day be thoroughly convinced of it if they do not cease disbelieving it. Christ believed in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, His apostles under the guidance of the Spirit believed in it, and why should not we also believe in it?

G. M. ROBB.

*Syracuse, N. Y.*

### THE NEEDS OF A SABBATH SCHOOL.

Cheerfully do we admit that the Sabbath school is doing great good in a great many ways. The machine is working and working pretty well, but the work is not perfect. Since we are not speaking of the model school, which is exceptional, but of the average school, and the average condition of the school, we feel at liberty to try to point out some of its needs by way of improvement, rather than to show anything lacking in it.

A school cannot exist without pupils, and one of the most needed improvements

is in the way of numbers. We hear much of the overcrowded condition of our public schools, where the children are almost trampling each other, of our well-packed industrial schools, and of the increased capacity of our reformatories; but where will we find an overcrowded Sabbath school? They are, indeed, exceptional. Scarcely one but could count row after row of empty chairs, and it is our own fault. We who are Sabbath school workers are not earnest enough in compelling them to come in, and in holding those who are already in our schools. We need more consecration and willingness to spend and be spent. We do not always look after the absentees with any degree of thoroughness. Pupils stay away, but are not followed up. Staying away for a time, they become indifferent and, unless carefully followed, they infer that they are not wanted very much and remain away. Through carelessness dozens are not looked after, and then after a while they are rated as not worth carrying, and their names are dropped. Of course, absentees cannot be continued forever, but it is better to hold the name and strive again and again for them. It is not the work of one more than another, and until we are ready to bestir ourselves more than most of us do in this matter, the empty chairs will remain—a silent testimony against "those who are at ease in Zion."

No institution of learning is managed to the greatest good of all concerned without a head, who is master of details and has system in his work. Aside from the pastor there is no officer in the local church whose responsibility is equal to that of the Sabbath school superintendent. The toilers of the vineyard in the days that are to come, with few exceptions, are affected by his influence, and their usefulness is largely determined by the wisdom and zeal with which he pursues his work. Fortunate

for the school and church will it be, if the magnitude of this responsibility is made manifest to his own soul, and the necessity of Divine help realized.

In his work the superintendent should be definite and have promptness and precision. He should consult often with his teachers and strive to keep his school and its work before the eyes of the community.

Ours is the age of specialists, and the successful man is he who is wholly consecrated to one work. So with the Sabbath school superintendent. He does not hold all the offices of the church, doing a little of everything and not much of anything. Let him say, "This one thing I do."

His work should receive undivided attention. Who is equal to the task, save only he whose heart is fully devoted to the glory of God and the salvation of souls? Pushing his plans with tireless energy, his work continually should absorb his best thoughts. Being in unbroken contact with the Divine Spirit, he is endued with wisdom and power, and knows naught but success.

Next to the superintendent, the success of the Sabbath school depends largely on its teachers. Whole books have been written on the subject of teachers and teaching. We do not pretend to enumerate all their necessary qualifications. They should be chosen with utmost care. Their personal piety, Scriptural knowledge, natural feelings, study time, physical strength, home demands and class calling time should all be considered, together with the possession of a heart burdened with a desire for the salvation of others. As teachers we must study the children under our care; study them mentally, and study them spiritually, with a love that does not drop at the church door, but follows them through the week. Our ideal of a Sabbath school teacher is high, but why not? Is theirs not God's work, and is that not

worthy the very best? We may ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and the reply should be, "Not I, but Christ that dwelleth in me."

"The Church needs teachers; teachers who shall shape

The doubtful destinies of dubious years,  
And land the bark that bears the soul's  
best good

Safe on God's peaceful Ararat at last.

If we indeed will act as teachers should,  
If we indeed will wrestle, toil and strive  
To help our younger fellow-mortals on,  
Our feet at last shall stand on jasper  
floors;

Our hearts at length shall seem a thousand hearts,

Each single heart with myriad raptures  
filled,

While we shall sit crowned by the King  
of kings,

Rich in the jewels rare of ransomed  
souls."

There is a difference of opinion as to what should be taught in the schools. That is a matter to be determined by each school for itself. Some people prefer a graded system of instruction; others follow the international course. But while we are all Bible students, some of us are failing in our efforts to teach the Bible. We do not mean that we do not teach the Bible to some extent, but we are not all giving the knowledge of the Bible as a book that we should. It is possible for the pupil to have some knowledge of the extract from the Bible which is found on the lesson leaf from Sabbath to Sabbath, and yet have no comprehensive knowledge of the Bible as a whole, or even of the location of the selection printed on the leaf. In some schools there are few Bibles and those possessed are seldom used by the pupils during the study hour. The Sabbath school has a loose joint at this point. We need to make more of the book in the class, for



the school fails in a considerable degree in its fundamental work if it does not make the pupil familiar with the book of books as a book.

We should tighten this joint by using the Bible in the class and getting the pupils to use it at home, and better results will follow.

Then there is a general failure to indoctrinate the pupils by teaching them the doctrines of our own denomination, and particularly those that are peculiar and distinguish us from other Christian denominations. Every pupil should know what his church teaches as its fundamental doctrines. Otherwise the pupil cannot give an intelligent statement of these dogmas, and cannot give a good reason for being connected with it rather than with some other branch of the Christian Church.

We teachers have an opportunity and a duty in this regard. We must instruct the children in these doctrines, and present the evidence to prove that they are correct. This means, of course, that the catechism should not be neglected, as is too often the case. If pupils were well grounded in the teachings of the Church, there would be less complaint that they stray away to other folds.

As teachers we can never be too frequently or forcibly reminded of the power of indirect training. Be what we say and our pupils will know it right well. But say the most beautiful and orthodox words, while yet not living them, and they will know that too. "Be thou the truth thy lips proclaim."

Now, even in a well-appointed school, there is one thing that can be taught in this way, and that is reverence. There is an almost shocking lack of reverence in some Sabbath school children. How frequently we see a school engaged, apparently, in praising the Lord. But how

about the boys who calmly took their hats and left the room without so much as a detaining glance from their teacher, and the girls who took this time to gather up books, adjust wraps and exchange confidences? Yes, and how about the Bible class teacher who may have just reviewed the lesson so ably? For even as the strains of good "Old Hundred" rolled forth, he took his hat and started for the door, reaching it just as the grand ascription came to its close. What had the good man just been teaching? A lesson so grand, so tender, so full of holy power that any soul taking in even a little of its gracious meaning could but be filled with praise and thanksgiving. Yet while the volume of praise rolled forth the teacher turned his back upon it all. It was all unconsciously done, no doubt, and revealed a lack of training in reverential ways in childhood, which it were a pity to perpetuate. But who can wonder that children follow deeds rather than words? Given a Sabbath school in which officers and teachers are reverent in word and deed, and will not a reverent school follow?

The making of offerings in Sabbath schools should occupy a place of prominence because of the importance of the grace of liberality and the honor it gives to God. The Bible enjoins Christian giving, and it is a check to selfishness. This being true, the poorest child should be helped and encouraged to make some offering to the Lord's cause.

Our pupils are not all trained to attend the preaching services of the church as they should be. To see this as true, it is only necessary to look at the average church congregation. Comparatively few of the younger pupils are there. The result is that the minister has little chance to impress the young people of the school by the discourses he delivers. The Sabbath school is not a substitute for the preaching

service. The pupils should hear the preaching of the pastor.

Do we seem to have enough prayer in the general exercises of our schools? It isn't right to leave it all to be done by the officers, either. The teachers should be ready to respond when called upon. Any teacher who will not, is certainly out of his or her element in the Sabbath school.

If prayer is necessary in the school, how vastly more important it is outside. That teacher is not worthy the name of teacher who does not bear her own pupils and the school's welfare to the throne of grace in prayer. We should come from our knees to our classes. In our church we have a teachers' prayer meeting for a few minutes immediately before the school begins, and we have found it both a blessing and a help. Truly it has been said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams."

Now, if we have succeeded in mentioning any needful improvements that may be acted upon or in giving even one idea that will prove helpful to any one, the end of this paper will have been accomplished.

One thing we must remember, there can be no relaxation in the successful Sabbath school. "All at it and always at it" is a good motto for us in the work. We must be constantly putting forth new efforts and new energies, cementing them all with much fervent prayer. "Let us advance upon our knees," and taking all our failures to God, be careful to give to Him our successes. Let us do our best and then with humble hearts say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name give the glory."

(MISS) MAY ALLEN.

### OUR SENIOR "JUNIOR."

*Dear Boys of the "Mission Bands":*

The tallest boy and the smallest donkey were familiar attractions to rustivating

missionaries last summer in the mountains. For three summers the little black donkey, with its rider, has skipped up and down the mountain paths with perfect ease. But as the donkey doesn't grow and the boy does, and very rapidly, too, the question is how soon it will be before the donkey will walk from under the boy. Perhaps the well-trained donkey will hold her own (rider) obediently, until some day she thinks her master is tall enough, and old enough, and smart enough, for college; then she may be like "grand-



father's clock," she will "stop short, never to go again."

I do not know of any American in the mission field who started on his way to Turkey when so young as Charles. I think, when he accompanied his father and mother (Rev. and Mrs. Stewart) to this country, that he was about three months old. None of you boys expect to leave the home land at so youthful an age, do you?

Are you thinking: "O, if I could only cross the Atlantic Ocean, sail over the

great Mediterranean Sea and ride a pretty little black donkey on old Mt. Cassius in Turkey, I would be supremely happy?" That does sound romantic! But let me tell you, Charles and all the other missionaries' children here are thousands of miles—now, you all hunt it up and see just how many thousands of miles they are from the good schools you attend and enjoy. And he will be just the same number of thousands of miles away from his mother and father when he gets too tall to ride his donkey, for then he must leave them and go far, far away to school.

"Does Charles know Arabic?"

Yes, he speaks Arabic as well as English, and I think that he knows a little Turkish and Armenian, too.

"Can he swim?"

Yes, he can "swim like a fish," and so can Wycliffe Dodds. Last summer Wycliffe and he, with others, used to swim several times a week in the Mediterranean Sea.

"Can he skate?"

Well, if he did skate while in America three years ago, I think he has forgotten how, for we have no ice or snow on the plains here—and oh, how we long to see them, too! I really believe that we would heartily enjoy seeing a good "Kansas blizzard" to cool us off and to freeze the malaria out.

"Where does he go to school?"

At home in his father's study. Our boys have no schoolmates to cheer them on. They must dig and delve alone.

"What does he eat?"

He likes the good Yankee pies and cookies that you like so well, but he can excel you, for he likes Kibbe, Hellowie, Bukalowie, Kanaffee, Mesha, Yahne, Flaffa, Ramands (pomegranates), etc., not one of which a new missionary likes at first.

"What does he wear?"

He wears American clothes like your own, but he does not get them here. We mothers out in Syria have to always wear our "thinking caps." If we didn't our boys would be "too big for their boots" long before the next pair arrived.

Last week I sent our order for shoes, stockings, pants, coats, hats, suspenders, thread, buttons, umbrella, flour, sugar, tea, butter, lard, oat flake, books, coffee mill, pot lids, combs, calico, etc., which we will need next year. Now, don't you think we housekeepers need to wear our "thinking caps"? If we did not send for things our boys would be sick for lack of proper food, and very poorly shod they would be in this part of Turkey.

This one instance will show you how long it takes to get our things. When we were coming back to Syria in 1900 we sailed from New York Sept. 1. We had in our boxes some clothes for Charles, for which his mother must have written the order not later than June or July. Our goods arrived in Alexandretta, Syria, in November. They were brought on wagons to Antioch, where we were anxiously waiting, at the home of Mr. Dodds' sister, Mrs. Kennedy, for the arrival of our flour, etc., so we could go on to Snadia. They were then loaded on mules, one box on either side of a pack saddle, and through rain and over muddy roads were brought on to Suadia. As soon as we could get things in "living shape," we opened the boxes and got Charles' clothes ready for the rest of the journey to Latakia. After waiting for several weeks to get a muleteer who would go, we sent them on to Kessab. By and by they were taken by another muleteer on to Latakia. How would you like to wait that long for a new coat or a can of butter?

Of course those who live on the coast in Latakia or Mersina have seldom any annoyance with the delays which the mis-



sionaries have who live inland, but nevertheless it takes a long time, and they must send for No. 4 shoes for the boys while they still wear No. 2.

I think by this time you are all satisfied to let Charles ride his donkey while you stay "at home" and enjoy American freedom. Charles is our Senior "Junior," the oldest of your missionaries' children, and will likely be the first to join you in your school and mission band work.

Go on with your good work in your "Band." Remember the thousands of poor little boys in this dark land, who know nothing about the blessings you are so accustomed to, and may many of you fill the places of the noble "band" of missionaries who work here now. Your far-away friend,

MYRTA MAY DODDS.

#### WHAT LANGUAGE DID CHRIST SPEAK?

Some months ago an article was written for *The Century* on this subject by Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis. She brings many arguments to prove that Christ spoke the Aramaic tongue, which was not, as once popularly supposed, a corrupt form of Hebrew, but a language as regularly formed, and with a grammar as distinct, as either Hebrew or Arabic. Mrs. Lewis bases some of her conclusions on the priceless manuscripts in the convent of St. Katherine on Mount Sinai, with which she is probably more familiar than is any other European scholar. It was in this convent that Mrs. Lewis made one of the greatest Biblical discoveries of the century. Under a late and worthless monkish biography, she found the faded letters of an ancient Syriac text of the four gospels. She took four hundred photographs of the manuscript, which proved to be a peculiar and very old version of the gospels of extraordinary interest.

#### HE WOULD NOT SWEAR.

Prince Henry was the son of James the First; he died when he was only seventeen, to the grief of the nation, as he was already a great favorite. He seems to have had more character than usual amongst the children of palaces. Swearing was a very common practice in those days, even amongst young boys when at their play. The Archbishop of Canterbury mentioned in his sermon, preached after the young prince's death, that Henry had been asked why he did not swear in play as well as others, and that he had answered:

"I know no game worthy of an oath."

On another occasion he gave much the same kind of an answer. The young prince was out hunting a stag, and it happened that the stag, getting exhausted, crossed into a glade of the forest, where a butcher and his dog were passing. The dog sprang upon the stag and killed it. Up came the huntsman and company, and when they found what had happened they were indignant, and abused the butcher, trying to incense the prince against the man, who, they said, had spoilt their sport; but the prince replied quite calmly:

"If the butcher's dog killed the stag, the butcher did not do it; how could he help what his dog has done?"

The young men around him said:

"If your father had been so served, he would have sworn so loud and long none of us would have been able to endure ourselves!"

"Away!" rejoined the prince; "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."—*The Watchman*.

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Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace and the absence of petty fault-finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven-growing plants.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Readers of OLIVE TREES who are in arrears for 1901 and have not yet renewed for 1902, are requested to remit whatever is due. If any one has mailed money to our address and has not received a formal acknowledgment, he should notify us at once. We invariably send a postal receipt as well as change the date on the wrapper, that there may be no mistake. Money should not be sent loose in unregistered letters, as it is liable to be stolen on the way, and persons using local checks should add ten cents to cover exchange.

—In the May number of OLIVE TREES brief reference was made to a reception given to Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Kennedy at Newman, Ill., during their recent visit to America. The *Missionary Record*, organ of the Cumberland Presbyterian Board of Missions, contains a report of the event, from which we take a sentence or two: "Mrs. Dodds-Kennedy was for several years one of the teachers in our public schools, and left Newman to go direct to Mersina, Turkey, eight years ago. \* \* \* Although not one of our own missionaries, being sent out by the Board of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, her going to the foreign field from our midst has given a greater impetus to missionary effort in each denomination here. \* \* \* Mrs. Dodds-Kennedy spoke to a crowded house. Our newly enlarged auditorium could not contain all who came. Her husband spoke of the geography of the country and repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm in Arabic. Then she told of varied work and experiences in that foreign country, and dressed up some of our

young people in the costumes worn there by men and women, giving us quite a practical idea of their style of dress. \* \* \* A reception was tendered the two missionaries by the citizens of Newman, and valuable presents of silverware and other useful articles were given them."

—The New York Presbytery met in the Fourth Church, New York, Tuesday, May 6, and was in session for two days. The only matter of popular interest that occupied the time of the court was the licensure of Mr. S. Edgar. His pieces of trial were carefully prepared and were delivered with a fire and magnetism that compelled the closest attention. Every one was ready to predict a brilliant future for him as a minister of the gospel.

Tuesday evening there was a Sabbath school convention held in the church, which was filled with an attentive and interested audience. The papers and addresses on such themes as "Our Duty to the Saved," "The Sabbath School Missionary," "The Teacher and His Bible," "The Pastor and the School," and kindred topics were thoroughly practical and full of valuable suggestions.

—Since last report the following contributions have been received from the young women of the Reformed Presbyterian Church towards the salary of their missionary for 1902:

Mrs. M. E. Latimer (two years),

Rose Point, Pa. .... \$10.40

From the elders towards the salary of their missionary for 1902:

Mr. T. G. Graham, Olathe, Kan.. \$5.00

Mr. John Robison, Dresden, O.... 4.50

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